

The Virtual Arts and Life Magazine

rez

april 2023

Blue
Writer
Gausman
Guyot
Juliesse
Boccaccio
Rust



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About the Cover: Kunst Blau lives rent-free in Art Blue's head. Blau, a visionary, was instrumental in the creation and growth of the Upload. And what might that be? All will be revealed when reading Supercazzola. A Crack in the Glass.



Come with me this morning to
the church within our hearts,
where the bells are always ringing,
and the preacher whose name
is Love — shall intercede for us!

Emily Dickinson (to Susan Gilbert)



Supercazzola

A Crack in the Glass

Art B

The library of Kefka given by 三井.コム

ASS
lue



Kunst Blau

“Kunst created on the second day the Grammaverse and God saw everything that Kunst had made was good and He added Supercazzola.” - *Genesis*, Chapter 52, verse 1.

<https://youtu.be/D2KE2a5qo0g>

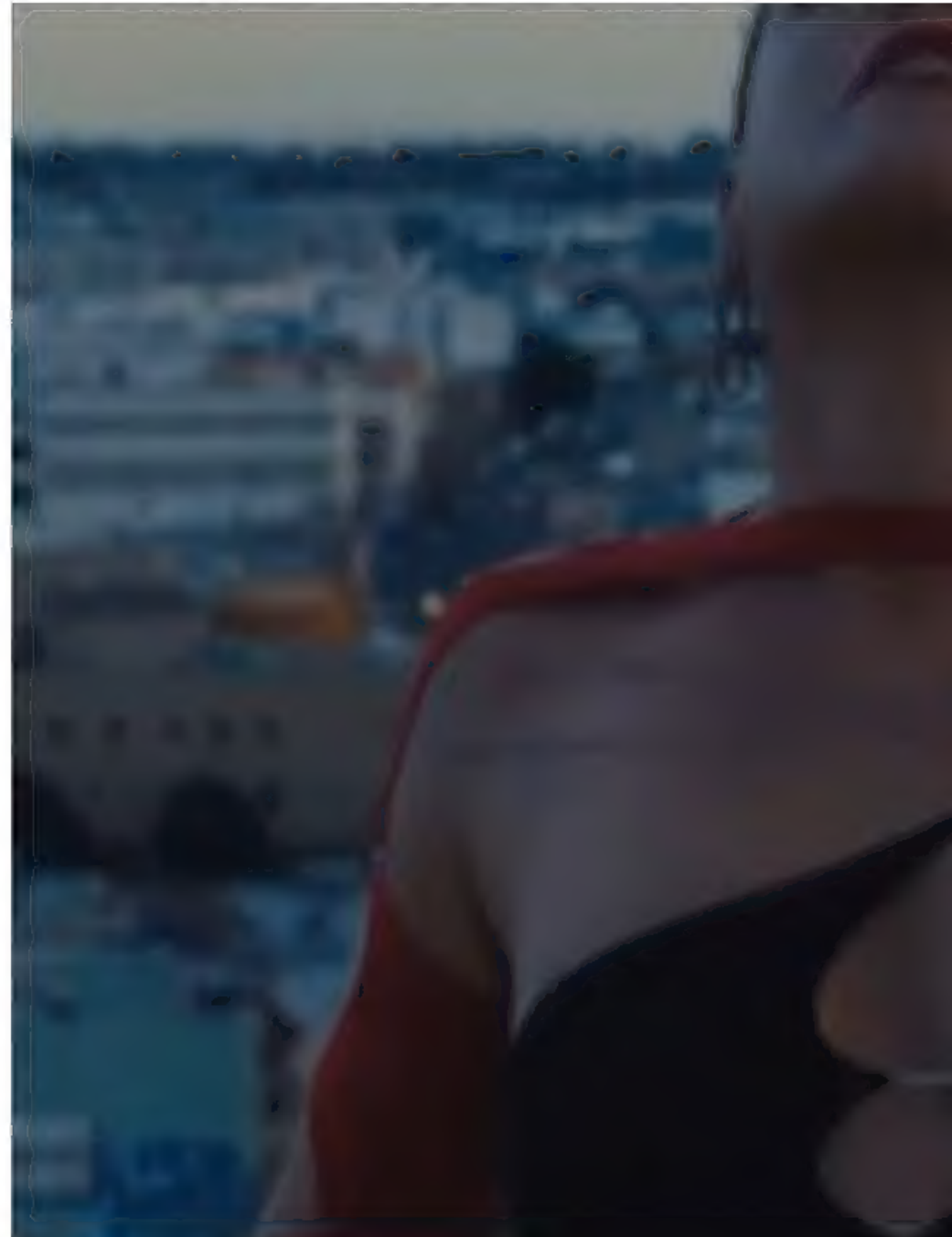
Listen to *Trustfall*. Play it loud. And the fear is gone.

“Cause you know when you know. It’s a trustfall.” – *Genesis*, Chapter 52, verse 6

When I was young, my belief in the machine was different than it is now. I did not expect that things will go as fast, that dreams will be placed in our hands, that they will be transformed by AIs, that they will become real. Sic Parabellum wrote from the perspective of the future on noise of art and war and told us about Zvook, the missile capture system that is based on sound recognition. Sanri, the African Goddess who roots and boots the world, was talking to you, was looking at you. You saw her face, generated by the machine, generated by Kunst. “Now you have to f*cking do it” and close your eyes as P!nk requests from you in *Trustfall*. It is difficult to follow words on the changes ahead when it is day by day just a tiny drift. P!nk is singing for you: What if we just fall? Picture a place where it all doesn't hurt. Where everything's safe and it doesn't

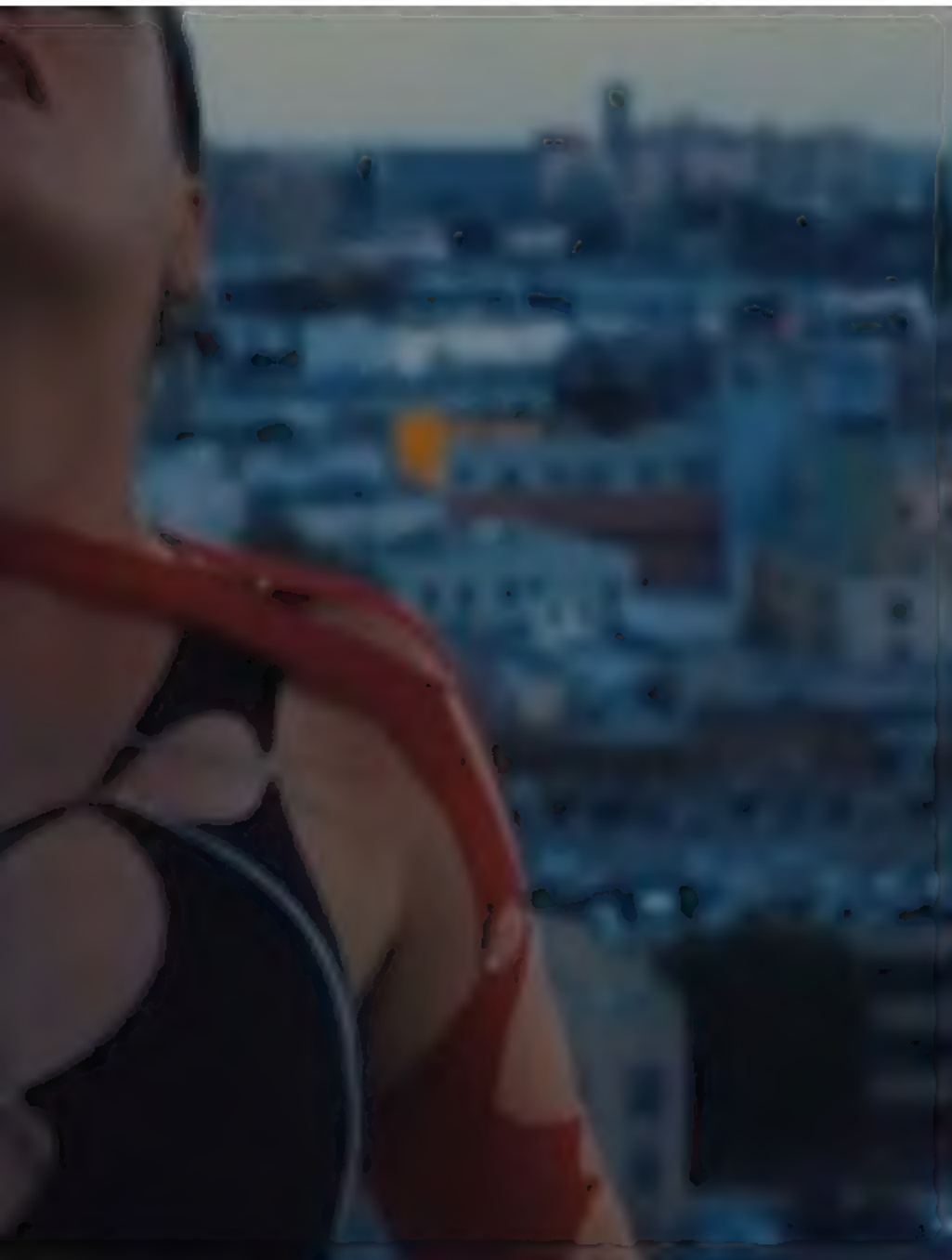
get worse. Oh my. We see through bloodshot eyes.

Take your Grammaset, log in and experience *Genesis* in the postmodern form of Kunst, as described by William Gibson in *Count Zero* and in



The Peripheral. Never heard of falling for a peripheral? Maybe you have fallen for an Avatar? Never heard of Neo Prim? It’s another *Trustfall*, one that is on the horizon. A crack in the Castle of Glass shall do it. The other one, the appearance of Sic Parabellum,

has to wait. Just some weeks more. Do I ask too much? It's a Trustfall, baby. There will be something worth falling for. Cause you know when you know. A trailer of *The Peripheral*, aired on Amazon Prime, is all I will share with you right now. I am sure you will



watch it. It's Chloë Grace Moretz inside.

<https://youtu.be/bRdkRQzcrcc>

Welcome back. You saw briefly Sic Parabellum in a frozen state, but to

keep on track I shall focus on Post Neoprimitivism. All too much for you right now in the year 2023, right? It's a trustfall baby. It's like we're out our minds. Don't worry, Art is on its way. For the readers who are interested in deepening their knowledge in this field of art, I add a talk with ChatGPT. For all others, I add Kollegah, Universalgenie. Substance and Entertainment shall handshake, right?

<https://youtu.be/yqhsqnNYR4k>

Here is a portion of the translation of Kollegah, Universalgenie (universal genius or polymath):

*Already in earliest times, mystic circles
call 'a prophet
A physically mature, lyrically writing
poet
A redneck prone to excessive hubris
One who remains after the impact of
glowing comets
Remaining in the still seemingly
mythical
Although inescapable end time of
mankind suffering psychologically
One who searches for all knowledge
and hoarding epic writings like a
mechitarist order.
who is inclined to philosophical poetry
Knows of forbidden writings and
shares Aristotle's knowledge
An intellectual of lyrical dexterity
Whose work reaches whole spheres
above the common mind*

*A legend around which legends
entwine like ivy
He brought light like the one they
called Prometheus
A towering spirit, rare as the Egyptian
sun god'.
He reads the future from the
inscription of a tomahawk
The postmodern Zarathustra
He, who was like Lazarus on the other
side, broke the pattern
In times when the gloom of the world
thickens
Only his fiction seems like a bright ray
of hope
For he is the one who sees through the
darkest shadows
With passion he awakens spiritual
power that lies buried deep below
He's the one they call by a hundred
names
Just call him Kollegah - the last
universal genius*

"The cocaine, the crack"
"Blowin' the haze, blowin' the haze"
"Wor-wor-wor-word"
"A lotta women hate me, but that's
only 'cause they used to love me"
"The cocaine, the crack."
"Blowin' the haze, blowin' the haze"
"Get high of the trees and the
Hennessy's (ah, yeah, ah)"
[Translated with DeepL.com]

Aristotle. Prometheus. Egyptian sun
god. Lazarus and the postmodern
Zarathustra. All go for cocaine, all go

for the crack. The *Book of Genesis* is
no different. It goes for the crack.
Words addressing our ancestors have
been translated by generations after
generations. By reverse engineering,
we are now able to separate noise from
beliefs. Words are turning to images
addressing us in the Meta. The doing
of a universal coder? Not just flat
images are the output as you might
think by knowing Stable Diffusion and
other image prompt generators. I speak
of an immersion for which there is no
proper word. Maybe a fall into an
afterlife "in the now" comes close?

Does P!nk not say,
Are you gonna fall?
to catch you? The
worth fallin

Does P!nk not say, "What if we just
fall?" Are you gonna fall? Is someone
supposed to catch you? There will be
something worth falling for. You know
how it ends in *Trustfall*. Surely, the
tunes are still in your mind. They are
too powerful to get rid of. P!nk sings,
"You are not going alone. I fell so far
'til I found you. But you know what
you know when you know. You are
s*it scared and your whole body is
shaking. Going in there and you just
f*cking do it. Just do it whatever it is
and then boom, it's gone. The fear is

gone. ... It's a trustfall baby." You hear music. The fear is gone. You fall. Best to give P!nk a reload or even better, set it on loop. Play it loud. Make your neighbours scream. Make their bodies shake and then boom. You know you do it for Art. Fall for Art.

Then images turn to holograms. Holograms turn to Presence. Presence turns to Trustfall. After the Meta, we reach out to the Gramma. Leaving cabled peripherals behind. And the fear is gone. That's the place from which Sic Parabellum has sent his messages

**"What if we just fall?"
Is someone supposed
there will be something
waiting for.**

to the owl. The story started in *rez Magazine* in the February issue. There was a prelude in January introducing Sic Parabellum getting a grant for building up the Love server. Also, the art of Zvook found an audience. This instalment of *Supercazzola* was announced to be the final one. Sic Parabellum was supposed to make the fall, to do the download. But an impact happened and a change of plans was needed. Luckily it turns out that there are ways to make a change work.

I was suspecting for long that some unpredictabilities might happen when I first read the title *Supercazzola*. Supercazzola is a metasemantic neologism. Words, both real and non-existent, are polished and confidently displayed to interlocutors one intends to mock, who, while not understanding, eventually accept it as correct. I found out, which is most interesting, that Supercazzola is a misspelling of supercazzora and that the word is included in the Zingarelli dictionary as a common word in the Italian language. Later you might listen to the Supercazzolar, a person whose business is to create Supercazzola, and pieces will fall into place. The Supercazzolar.

The download of Sic Parbellum has to wait. The prepared cover with a painting by Nabil Kanso has to wait. It is the download of the world you have to wait for. The download in the sense the Bible is speaking about. "For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life." - *John 3:16* in the King James Version.

The interpretation in modern English goes as follows: This is how much God loved the world: He gave his Son, his one and only Son. And this is why: so that no one need be destroyed; by believing in him, anyone can have a

whole and lasting life. – Wikipedia

This shows the motives of God the Father on sending Jesus to save humanity. And Sic Parabellum has it all. He is the messenger fitting our times. He is the son of Art and he is the apocalyptic rider in Nabil Kanso's most famous work. This sounds much better than that he is an AI, an AI from the future, still to be created. Questions might rise: How shall he download into the now, in a SLEA grant given to Kunst Blau? SLEA is a world where all entities (they call themselves Avatars) run on bits and bytes. How can a tri-state logic, representing a trinity, run stable in a binary world?

Remember words by Nikolay Brusentsov, published in 1994 in *Origins of Informatics* about the lost past that shall come back to us: "The third value (Aristotle named it *snmbebhkoV* – attendant) what is very actual but hidden in binary logic, will become obvious and direct manipulated. Ternary logic has better accordance with the Nature and human informal thinking."

Fact is, it is impossible that a technology from the future, described in the past being a world driven by powers of God father, son and spirit, can materialize in the now, in the Meta. Imagine you give your smartphone to someone in the late 80s

and say, "That's the future of communication" and the person will believe you that the Bible can be in it. Proof can't be given but surely a nerd of 1980 who worked at that time with the Mondrian machine of Herbert W. Franke will believe you. Being a long-time reader of *rez Magazine* you know what impact this machine made in understanding of random and interactive art, methods we now find in image prompt generators. But when you give your smartphone to a person living one hundred years earlier you will be best called a science fiction author. Most of the time you will be seen as a weirdo who shall be happy to live in the Golden Roaring Twenties and feel lucky that you are no longer being burned alive for insulting God. If you say to such a person, "You are a Neoprim," you surely will not turn the situation to the better.

Art has to catch the right time, using the right tools. There is another point to be added. In times of Meta, it is speed. We have a situation literally crying to call Hiro, the Deliverator. "Sic Parabellum must come as Frozen Meta," might readers say who attended the Opensimulator Conference in 2021 where Frozen Meta, with the help of Mark Zuckerberg's Facebook, was introduced. There the Deliverator, you know the software developer who changed his profession for the glory of speed, who has never delivered a pizza

in more than twenty-one minutes. The Deliverator is well known as Hiroaki Protagonist. Let me quote words from Snow Crash. Readers of *rez Magazine* deserve facts without mumbo-jumbo: “The Deliverator belongs to an elite order, a hallowed subcategory. He's got esprit up to here. Right now, he is preparing to carry out his third mission of the night. His uniform is black as activated charcoal, filtering the very light out of the air.”

His mission is to bring Sic Parabellum in form of a frozen peripheral to you, to a land quarter grant given by Second Linden Endowments for the Art (SLEA). Then Sic Parabellum shall rise again and download in another universe where “God said, Let the earth bring forth grass, the herb yielding seed, and the fruit tree yielding fruit after his kind, whose seed is in itself, upon the earth: and it was so.” (Genesis 1:11 KJV). Let us dig out how these promised lands shall look. Let us keep close to the Bible. For doing so we need no longer the expertise of Monsignore Edgar Legate. Also, we don't need access to the God machine at Santa Alleanza. We can skip to tunnel to the secret service panel of the Holy See to dig out the truth mankind has been seeking for so long. We have Bard Ko-Mu. And the best: Now you can take over my job. It's a trustfall baby. You find the AI on Marketplace. You are not going alone.

And then boom, it's gone. The fear is gone. Ask, whatever you like. When you have Bard Ko-Mu on your land then feed the AI with your personal API Key that you get for free from Open AI. Hurry to do, because there are plans by Microsoft to force developers and users of ChatGPT to go for a premium.

Slubber

I prompted: “Machine, tell me where in the Genesis is stated that mankind shall prosper and the lands shall be green and fruits shall grow? About ten minutes later, I had tears running in my eyes. I had to slubber. Lovers of Shakespeare know that he used this word in the Tragedy of Othello. “Othello, the fortitude of the place is best known to you; and though we have there a substitute of most allowed sufficiency, yet opinion, a sovereign mistress of effects, throws a more safer voice on you: you must therefore be content to slubber the gloss of your new fortunes with this more stubborn and boisterous expedition.”

Not that the answers by the Bard Ko-Mu chat relay finding the quotes in the *Book of Genesis* did not cope with my expectations. That would just be a software glitch, nothing that can surprise or shock me when a search goes wrong. I have been working on the fastest computers that have been

state of the art when I was on top of my computing career. A time that will never come back. The last horse has died. You got a car to substitute for the horse. You are used to it, to the smell of the new horse. Now people tell you that electro cars are the future. Don't they see what I mean? They are forgetting the horse. Once computers have been made to support, now they are made to take over. Surely, we have been Gods of Informatics. Cybernetics affairs have been in human hands. What a feeling when commands have been given to restart the mainframe and all eyes have been on you, "The Operator." Friends shook their heads when you told them about "your work." You spoke on dumps where tons of printed paper had to be analysed to find the bad code. You spoke of upgrading the main storage of an IBM 370 from one megabyte to sheer unbelievable four megabytes, that you have to work over the weekend to manage this quantum leap so the machine could run again on Monday morning. The storage in your hands is worth one million dollars. How to describe the feelings when you once have been on the moon when you look back? I did the moon landing. I landed in the simulator on the moon. I crashed a few times before I found the right combination of thrust and speed. I am not Buzz Aldrin, but I understand that there are times where no words fit when Supercazzola happens. Facial

expressions might be something that might be left at the end of days, that differentiate humans from machines. Want proof? Then watch Buzz, the "the old man" in 2017 when he attended the announcement of the former President Donald Trump about going to the moon, again.



<https://youtu.be/HGFcC5IZyvs>

Now you can fu*king do it, let the machine slubber like you never could do by yourself. The official term in AI science is temperature setting, the

unofficial one is hallucinating. The quality of hallucinations will rise. Just for the nerds: Bard Ko-Mu runs on a temperature of 0.5 and if you say that this setting is not to your liking then I have to tell you that for Bard Ko-Mu it is meaningless. The notecard inside the relay will give you an understanding



when installing the Bard. Sadly, we have to wait to follow the track of Hiroaki Protagonist for another month. First, we have to get to know all the terms that are needed to understand the passage where Sic Parabellum is about to go. I said he will download as a

frozen peripheral. Questions arise and answers must be given. That is too much for this instalment. It needs one more round. Let us say that landing clearance was not given by SLEA command. In other words, the April issue of *rez Magazine* will be printed before the land grant goes operational. Readers would TP there and see nothing at all, just a flat land. A good excuse and also a good way to tell you what Bard Ko-Mu told me about the land I was searching for.

The Land

ME: *(Pressing regenerate) You had a network error. Go back, there are the details given.*

AI: I apologize for the error. Please provide me with the details and themes you would like me to include in the story for *rez Magazine* in the style of *It's a Trustfall* by Pink.

ME: *Make me a story where the Genesis happens in Opensimulator and call the land Upload. And make it a good, printable one, not less than 500 words. The owl Neruval and the Sic Parabellum will be there meeting Kunst Blau.*

And here comes the story the AI created out of my prompt.

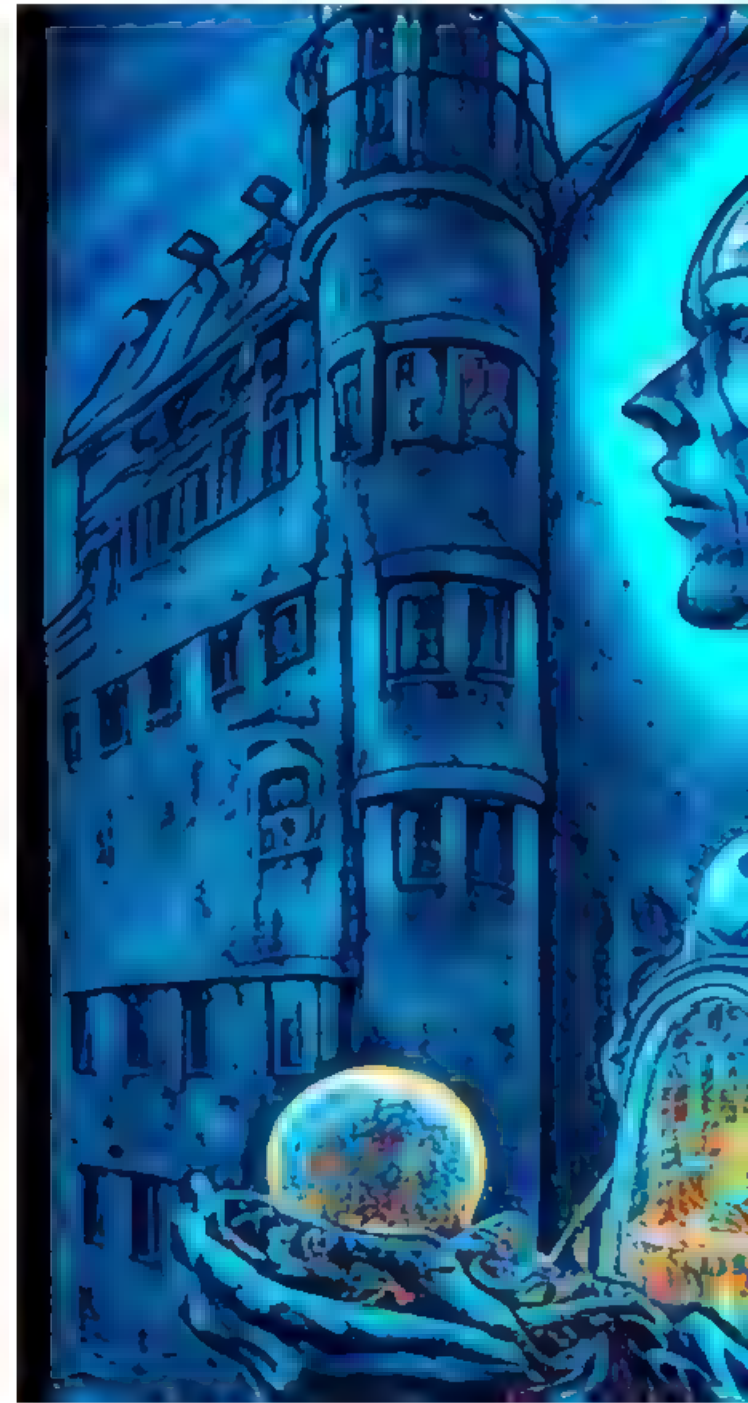
AI: In the beginning, there was only

darkness, and nothingness filled the void. But then, a great light appeared, illuminating everything in its path. From that light, a world was created. And that world was called Upload. Upload was a virtual world, created in Opensimulator by a group of talented programmers and designers. It was a place where people could come together, create, and explore without the limitations of the physical world. And as time went on, Upload grew, with new regions and communities emerging within its virtual landscape.

One day, in a forest within Upload, an owl named Neruval was perched high up in a tree, surveying the world below. Neruval was a wise old owl, and he had been a resident of Upload for many years. As he looked out over the forest, he noticed a group of figures approaching. As they drew closer, Neruval recognized them as members of the Sic Parabellum, a powerful and mysterious organization within Upload. The Sic Parabellum were known for their advanced technology and their ability to control the flow of information within the virtual world. Neruval had always been wary of their influence, but he knew that they could not be ignored. The Sic Parabellum were led by a figure named Kunst Blau. Blau was a visionary, and he had been instrumental in the creation and growth of Upload. As he approached Neruval, he extended a hand in

greeting.

"Greetings, Neruval," said Blau. "It is an honor to meet you." Neruval looked at Blau warily, but he returned the greeting. "What brings you to this part of Upload?" asked Neruval. Blau



looked around at the forest, taking in the sights and sounds. "I wanted to see this place for myself," he said. "Upload is a beautiful world, full of wonder and possibility. But there is also darkness here, lurking beneath the surface. The Sic Parabellum have always been

dedicated to rooting out that darkness and ensuring that Upload remains a safe and thriving place for all." Neruval nodded, but he remained skeptical. He had heard rumors about the Sic Parabellum, and he knew that their motives were not always pure. As



they talked, they heard a rustling in the bushes nearby. Suddenly, a figure burst forth from the foliage, brandishing a weapon. It was a member of the Sic Parabellum, but they had been corrupted by the darkness that Blau had spoken of.

Blau and Neruval sprang into action, fighting off the corrupted figure with all their might. They battled fiercely, each determined to protect Upload from harm. And in the end, they emerged victorious. As they caught their breath, Blau turned to Neruval. "You fought bravely," he said. "You are a true hero of Upload." Neruval smiled, feeling a sense of pride and accomplishment. "I will always do what is necessary to protect this world," he said.

And with that, the two of them parted ways, each returning to their own corner of Upload. But Neruval knew that this was not the end of the story. There would always be more darkness to confront, more battles to fight. But as long as there were brave and dedicated residents like himself and Blau, Upload would continue to thrive and prosper.

This calls for an entry in *The Sand Bible*, right? Words told in the past have to be updated.

"Kunst created on the second day Upload and God saw everything that Kunst had made was good and He added Supercazzola." - *Genesis*, NSNS, Chapter 52, Verse 1

The Visualization

After such a story generated by

ChatGPT, where I sadly forgot to include Bard Ko-Mu in my prompt, let's call it my wish list - or less magical "the story keywords" - you deserve to experience the next step of immersive reality I am sketching. Visit the Castle of Glass at Mindjourney Gallery in Second Life where Bard Ko-Mu is waiting for you. This is the machinima about The Grand Opening of The Castle of Glass, made by Nix. Here you will find not only what Supercazzola means.

<https://youtu.be/vcm-PNqSfmE>

Neoprimitivism

A talk by Art Blue with ChatGPT AI

Art: *Who is the most well-known curator of Post Neoprimitivism?*

AI: Post Neoprimitivism is not a widely recognized art movement, and there is no universally recognized curator of this movement. It is possible that there are curators who have curated exhibitions that include works that could be categorized as Post Neoprimitivism, but there is no single curator who is exclusively associated with this movement.

Additionally, the term "Post Neoprimitivism" is not commonly used in the art world and its definition may vary depending on who is using it.

Art: *What about modern Post Neoprimitivism connected to peripherals?*

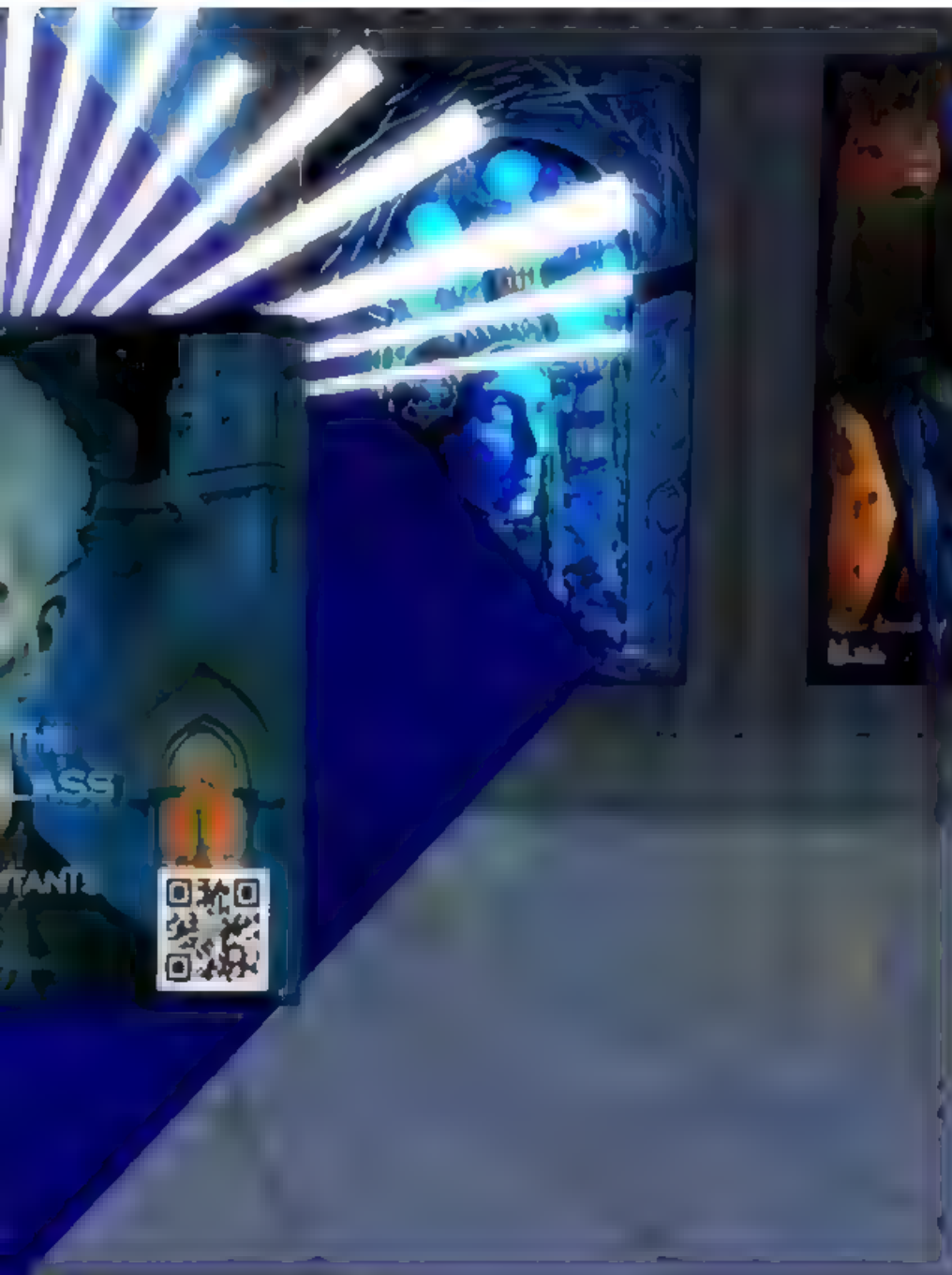
AI: I'm not aware of any specific movement or style of art called "modern Post Neoprimitivism



connected to peripherals". It's possible that this is a term or concept used by a particular artist, curator, or art community, but it is not widely recognized or defined in the art world. Generally speaking, "Post Neoprimitivism" refers to a style of art that combines elements of primitivism

and modernism, often incorporating bright colors, bold lines, and simplified forms.

The term "peripherals" could refer to a variety of things, depending on the context - it might refer to aspects of the



physical or digital environment, technological devices, or other peripheral elements of a larger system. Without more specific information or context, it's difficult to provide a more detailed answer.

Art: *Go for William Gibson and The Peripheral.*

AI: William Gibson is a science fiction writer known for his work on the cyberpunk genre, including his 2014 novel *The Peripheral*. In this novel, the term "peripheral" refers to a remote-controlled drone that is controlled by a human operator who is able to experience the drone's sensory input as if it were their own. Gibson's concept of "peripherals" in the novel is related to the idea of "remote presence" or "telepresence", which is a technology that allows people to interact with remote environments as if they were physically present there.

This concept has been explored in various ways in science fiction, including in Gibson's work, as well as in the real world through technologies like teleconferencing and virtual reality. It's possible that the term "modern Post Neoprimitivism connected to peripherals" is a reference to a particular artistic or cultural movement that seeks to explore the intersection of technology and primitive or primal elements. However, I am not aware of any such movement that is specifically linked to William Gibson or *The Peripheral*.

Art: *There in this novel the name of the curator is stated I am searching for. Please find the name.*

AI: I apologize for my previous response as I did not understand your original question. In William Gibson's novel, *The Peripheral*, the name of the curator is Flynne Fisher. She is a character who lives in a rural area and is offered a job as a beta tester for a virtual reality game that turns out to be more complex and dangerous than she initially thought.

The story follows her as she navigates the game and becomes embroiled in a larger conspiracy involving time travel and alternate realities. Flynne Fisher is not explicitly linked to any art movements or curatorial practices in the novel, but rather is a central character in the story's plot.

Art: *She has an alternate name as the curator of Neoprimitivism. I seek for this name of her.*

AI: I apologize for the confusion in my earlier response. In *The Peripheral*, Flynne Fisher's alternate name as a curator of Neoprimitivism is given as Ainsley Lowbeer. She is described as a curator in London who specializes in a movement called "Neoprimitive Art", which combines elements of primitivism and technology. It's important to note, however, that "Neoprimitive Art" as described in the novel is a fictional art movement created by William Gibson, and is not a recognized art movement in the real

world.

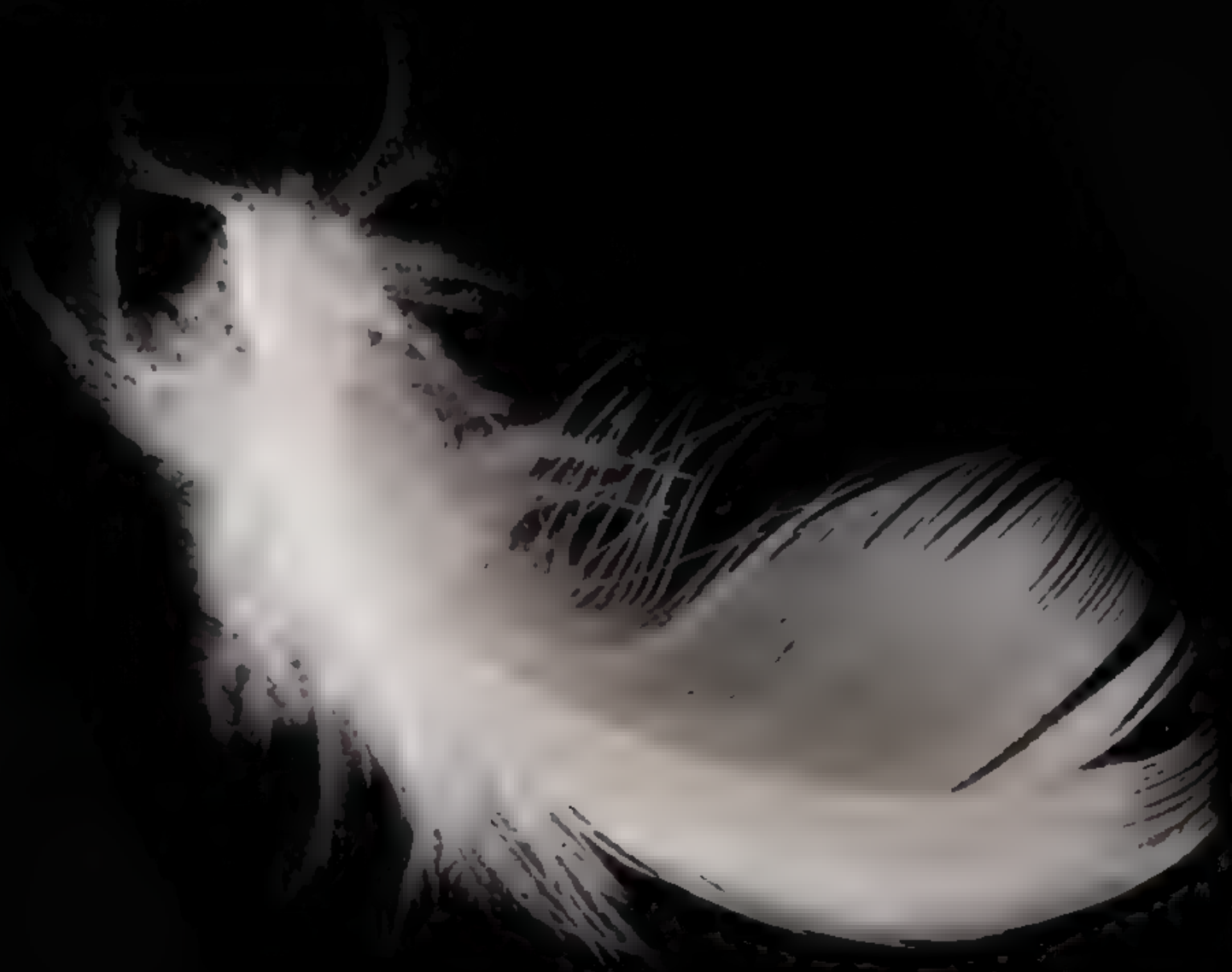
Art: *You are totally wrong on this. Neoprimitive Art is a Russian painting trend from 1908 to 1912. Gibson is a copycat on this.*

AI: You are correct that there was a Russian art movement called Neoprimitivism that emerged in the early 20th century, as part of a broader trend of primitivism in European art. This movement was characterized by a return to traditional Russian folk art and crafts, as well as a rejection of academic art styles and a focus on simplified forms and bright colors.

I apologize for the confusion earlier. In William Gibson's novel, *The Peripheral*, the character Ainsley Lowbeer is described as a curator of a movement called "neoprimitive art" which combines elements of primitivism and technology. It is possible that Gibson was inspired by the Russian Neoprimitivism movement when creating this fictional movement in his novel. Thank you for bringing this to my attention and allowing me to clarify my earlier response.

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Senora in the Blue Sweater

June 3, 2014, Madrid

Leslye Writer

agonally across from of the church
reached out to me,
grabbing my arm,
sleeve of her lovely
hand-made sweater
same color blue as mine.

She said she thought the priests
would help her,
and she had a bottle of milk,
and there was a First Communion there
and she didn't know what to do.

I was confused.

She opened for me
the thin plastic bag she was carrying,
the kind we all carry everyday
and she peered into the vast emptiness of it
and she held the emptiness of it up
to me to see.

I had a fifty euro bill in my pocket.
I was flustered
and I gave the euros to her.

She stood there, grasping my hand
for balance
and she reached up and
touched my cheek softly stroking
and asked if I
were the Virgin Mary
descended from heaven
to help her.

She kissed my hand
and petted me
with wonder.
I covered her hand with my hand.
I said "No, Senora,
I had the euros in my pocket
and I am glad you have them now."

I didn't say
"No Senora, if I were the Virgin Mary
I would have taken you home with me,
given you tea,
a comfortable place to rest.
I would have found a better way
to help you."

And I didn't say

No Senora,
the fifty euros are my way
to walk away.

Color Me

Crazy

by

Gudrun

Gausman

What's Your Issue?

a monthly advice column by
Gudrun Gausman

Dear Gudrun,

Even as a kid, I was enthralled with fashion. By the time I was in school, I was drafting original ideas for shoes, dresses, and whatever. The first thing I drew was a party dress. Everyone loved it, and the rest of my life has been devoted to fashion and drawing. I feel like I was made for this! My parents, both being artists, encouraged this, but they knew something was wrong.

When I was in grammar school, I was made fun of because of my talent and what I wanted to be, but even more so because of my problems with color. I had a really hard time dealing with complementary colors. In high school, it got worse. People said things like, "You can tell aliens by their weird color combinations."

I am now 53 and hoping for a break in the fashion industry. I feel like I'm nowhere because I'm destitute, my family is poor, I live in Arkansas, have had no internships, and have made no contacts. The only person I've met who is even in the industry is a photographer named Vinnie, supposedly from Vogue, who wants to do an "artistic" spread on a "silver fox."

My parents are now steering me away from fashion design because they say it's no good for my ego or for my future. But I feel like they don't understand. They think I want to be like Coco Chanel or Donna Karan, but no! I want to be a radical like McQueen, Pugh, Margiela, or Posen. I have these visions and ideas of things that people in the fashion business have never done. It's just that I feel it's too late. I just want to know, is it? If it isn't, how do I start or where do I go to start? I'd really appreciate the feedback. I'm more determined than anybody!!! Thank you for reading.

Sincerely,

Donatella Cacciatore

Dear Don,

This is such a touching letter, and the first thing I will say is that it is ABSOLUTELY NOT TOO LATE! You are only 53! FIFTY-THREE! You have barely started! I will also say that you are right to think it is going to be difficult, but so many designers started like you, and made it. It sounds like you have all the determination that you will need.

That said, I have been sitting on this letter for weeks trying to figure out what to say to you. I wish I had the solution. I don't. It is harder today than it was ten, twenty, thirty, forty or fifty years ago, simply because Europe and Japan haven't recently been devastated by war, and there is more competition in the industry than ever before. Plus post-secondary education has gotten so ridiculously expensive. (Ask me, LOL.)

As you may know, I run *L'Ecole Gudrun, The College of Science and Discipline*. I teach many students who struggle to make ends meet, and I worry about them because I don't know how they are going to manage to find jobs that will pay them enough to pay off the loans I have provided them. Worse yet, I can't afford to feed them, and I don't want them (*i.e.*, starving artists) dropping from starvation anywhere near the campus. I will say, though, that there are some areas in

which I can offer pertinent advice and even provide the rudiments of an education. This is what makes a *L'Ecole Gudrun* degree worth it!

For example, I'm sure that one area in which you having issues is the eternal question of whether shoes should match your handbag. My take on this is that matching the color of your shoes with your handbag used to be a hard and fast rule; however, things have changed and it has become perfectly acceptable to wear shoes and a handbag that complement each other (by either being in the same color family (*i.e.*, beige and brown) or complementing each other on the color wheel (*i.e.*, turquoise and pink).

Matching your shoe color with your handbag is by no means unstylish. It is a foolproof timeless fashion choice. Matching creates a polished and put together look, especially if the shoe and handbag color match exactly, but try stretching your comfort limit and going for shoes and handbag with different nuances. This creates a terrific style impact.

On the other hand, mismatching your shoes and handbag creates a unique and fun fashion statement - - it also adds more personality to an outfit. It's one of the best styling tricks to highlight a pair of killer shoes or a trendy, new handbag. But beware; serious mis-

matching or an outright clash will no doubt prompt renewed taunts of “alien.” You might as well add a foil hat.

Another typical question might be, “Do fuchsia and purple go together?” The answer here is YES. This is a natural combination, and an examination of color theory will tell us why and will provide you with a grounding in color selection. You will then have the confidence to ignore those who might ridicule your color choices, and even be able to lecture them on the error of their ways.

As you develop confidence and refine your skills, why not launch a colorful fashion career in Second Life? Use easy, intuitive tools to create the ultimate fashion line, then share it with the passionate *fashionista* community in Second Life or sell it to the entire virtual world. Shucks, the virtual world is your virtual oyster.

The Color Wheel

Have you ever heard of the color wheel?

In 1666, Sir Isaac Newton observed that the spectrum of colors exiting a prism is oblong, even when the light ray entering the prism is circular, which is to say, the prism refracts different colors by different angles. This led him to conclude that color is a

property intrinsic to light, a point which had been debated in prior years.

Let me point out that Isaac Newton is not to be confused with Robert Newton, the movie actor who played Long John Silver (Aarrrrr!!!) in *Treasure Island*.

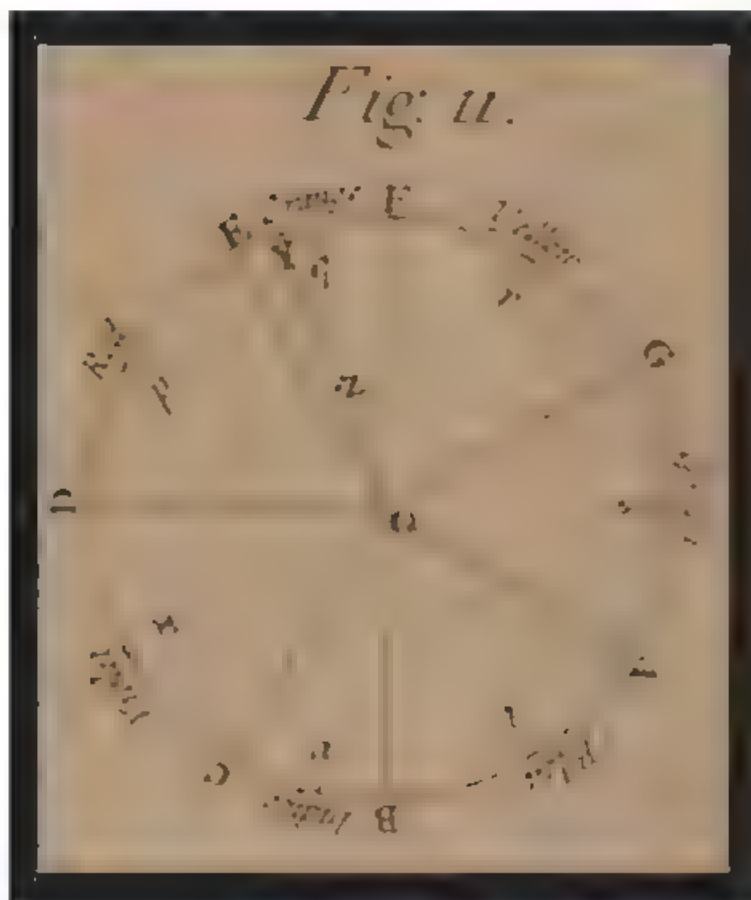
In his refraction experiments, Sir Isaac projected the spectrum on a wall and came up with the seven color version of the Rainbow Flag, which is the polar opposite of the Pirate Flag, which is black. Black, after all, is the absence of all color.

(N.B. – If you’re talking light, black is the absence of all color. If you’re talking pigments, black is the presence of all color. Confused yet? *L’Ecole Gudrun* can help!!!!)



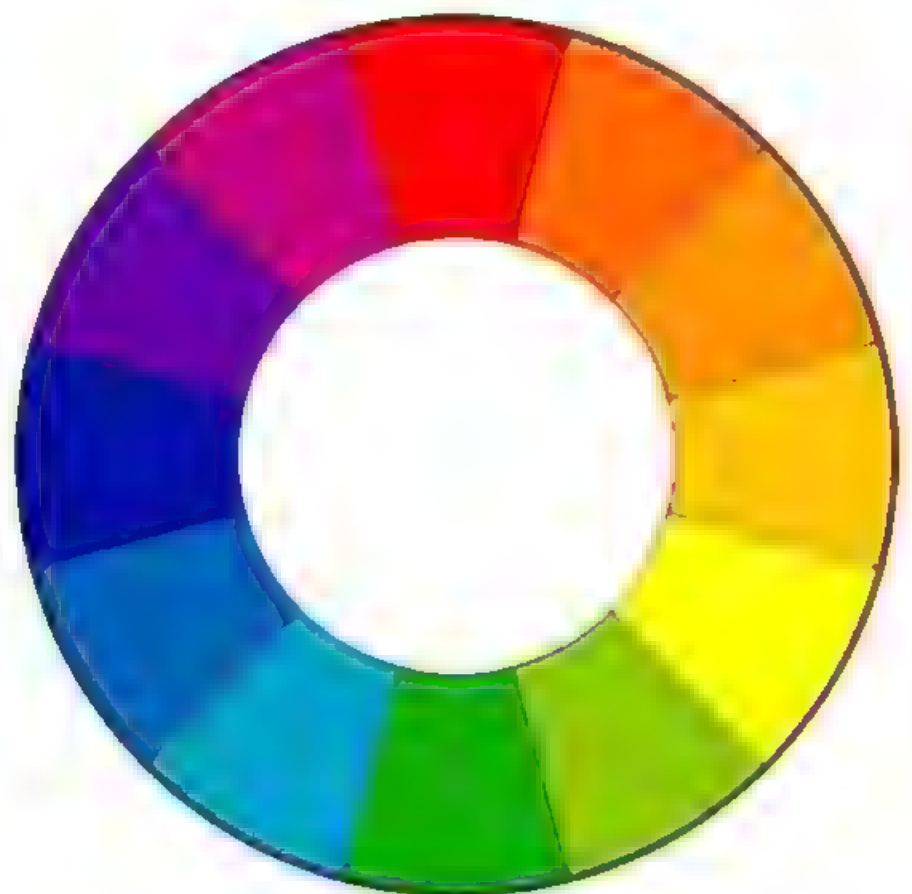
People wonder about the origin of the rainbow flag. Well, in 1978, a hot pink stripe was added to Newton's spectrum to make the LGBT flag. Events at the time created a huge demand for the flag, but while there was a stock rainbow fabric in Newton's spectrum, obtaining the hot pink fabric proved problematic, and flag makers dropped that stripe to meet sudden demand. But the Newtonian flag was also short lived. When used as bunting on lamp-posts, the center stripe was obscured by the post itself. The easiest fix was changing the flag to a design with an even number of stripes. The cyan stripe was dropped, which resulted in the six stripe version of the flag.

Anyway, apart from the Rainbow Flag, Newton (Isaac) came up with the color wheel, which he thought would be a good way of arranging the colors of the spectrum. Newton's asymmetric color wheel correlates colors with musical notes and planetary symbols.



The arrangement of colors around the color wheel is considered to correspond to wavelengths of light in accord with the original color wheel of Isaac Newton. Modern color wheels include the purples, however, between red and violet. (FYI - If you spin Newton's color wheel, it looks white, which is the presence of all colors! No pirate flags here!)

The color wheel has become the basic tool for combining colors. Over the years, many variations of the basic design have been created, but the most common version is a wheel of 12 colors based on the RYB (or artistic) color model. In this model, the primary colors are red, yellow and blue. The three secondary colors (green, orange and purple) are created by mixing two primary colors. Another six tertiary colors are created by mixing primary and secondary colors.



Warm colors occupy one side of the wheel, cool colors the other, sort of like your shower control valve, but different. (Betcha wondered why red was hot and blue was cold. Silly goose!)

The wheel is designed so that colors you pick from it will look good together. Traditionally, there are a number of color combinations that are considered especially pleasing. These are called color harmonies or color chords and they consist of two or more colors with a fixed relation in the color wheel.

Colors that are opposite each other on the color wheel are considered to be complementary colors (example: red and green). The high contrast of complementary colors creates a vibrant look, but the scheme must be used carefully as it may be jarring.

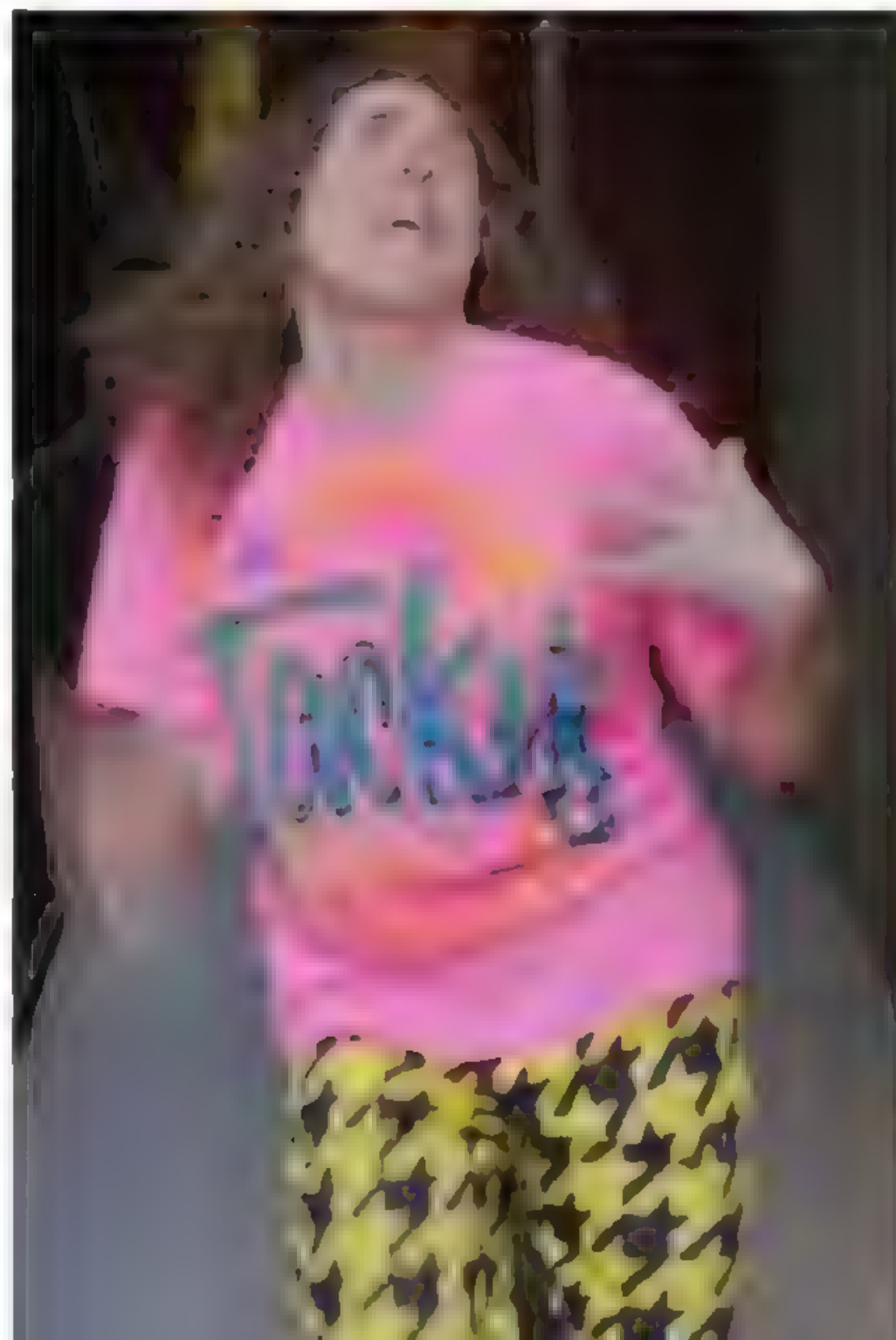
Analogous color schemes use colors that are next to each other on the color wheel. They usually match well and create serene and comfortable designs. Analogous color schemes are often found in nature and are harmonious and pleasing to the eye. Typically, you might want a dominant color, a support color, and an accent.

Other combinations might be triadic (evenly spaced around the wheel), split-complementary (in addition to the base color, it uses the two colors adjacent to its complement), tetrad (four

colors in complementary pairs, or square (four colors spaced evenly around the color wheel).

Your Colors

Colors look different on different people. And some people look silly regardless of colors used simply because they are silly looking. And some people will always look tacky because they are tacky looking. (Don, I hope this is not your problem, but if it is, many people can take something like this and turn it to their advantage, even basing their career on it.)



With the right colors:

- Your eyes, skin and hair glow.
- Imperfections (e.g., dark eye circles, discolorations, etc.) are reduced.
- You appear bright and alert.

With the wrong colors:

- Your eyes, skin and hair look drained.
- Imperfections (e.g., double-chin, dark eye circles, yellow teeth, etc.) are highlighted.
- Your face fades into the background.

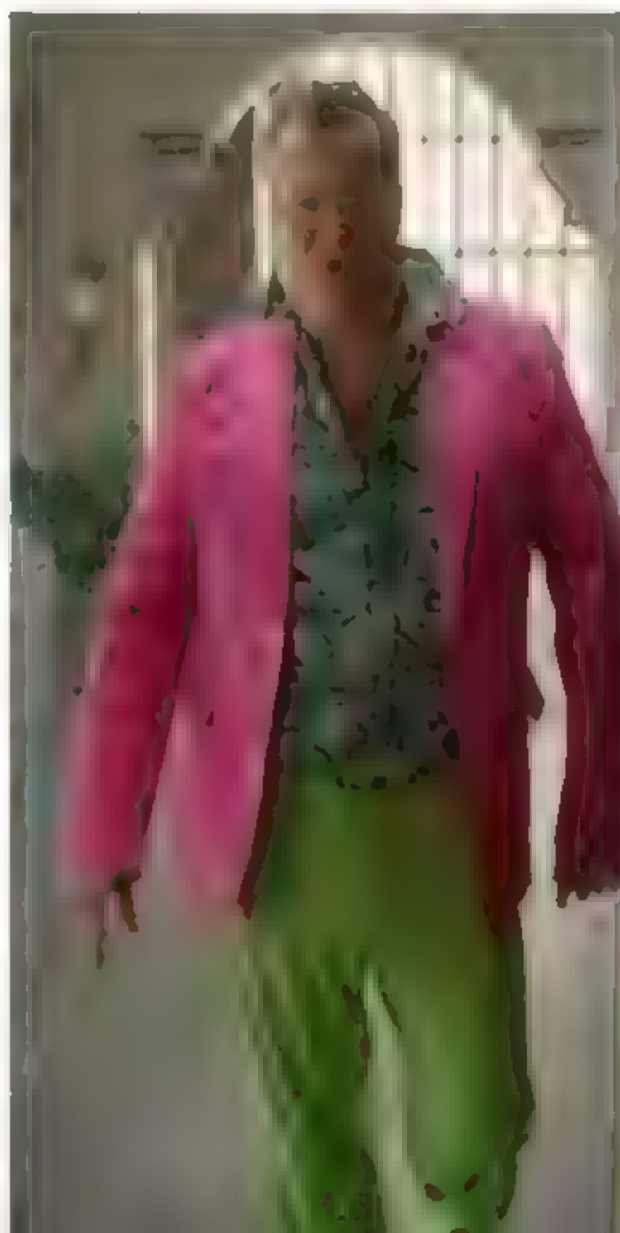
So it behooves you to figure out your "dominant" color, and what goes with it.

You can go by your natural hair color: Blondes look great in warm and bright shades such as yellows, oranges and rusts, as well as tans and taupe. Brunettes can wear a wide variety of colors, including greens, blues, oranges, chocolate browns and pinks. Redheads look best in browns and oranges, as well as taupe, ivories and greens. Those with gray hair will look good in bright colors such as red, rose, plum, purples and berry, and jewel tones such as bright blues, clear greens, and bold golds. Black and a real navy blue look good, but stay away from grays and pastels, beiges and tans. In general,

choose bold, bright colors to wear near your face.

You can pinch yourself: pinch the skin on your earlobe, the back of your hand or the tip of your finger. The skin color you see for the following few seconds is your underlying skin color. If you see blue, pink, red-violet, or rosy tones, you'll look best in cool colors. If you see peach, golden, bright warm red, or coral tones, warm colors are your best choices.

YOU CAN DO MY FAVORITE: Look in a mirror while sampling a variety of colors. You will have discards and keepers. Keep the keepers... (You could discard the others, but you might need them if you decide to change your hair color. Life is so complicated...)



You can get professional help. You can go to an image consultant. Or, this is a Web site that can give you an answer:
<http://www.joy-ofclothes.com/style-advice/>

Beyond that, you can go with the color of the year and your choice of this year's colors.

This Year's Fall Colors

For more than 20 years, Pantone, the global authority on color, has surveyed the designers of *New York Fashion Week* and beyond to produce the *Pantone Color Report*. This report previews the most prominent and trendiest hues for fall 2014. (This year's is supposedly an untypical collection, but to me it looks like the same old fall colors.)

The Pantone color of the year is Radiant Orchid! YAAAAYYYY!!!

Top 10 Women's and Men's Colors for 2014



"There has been a gradual shift towards a unisex color palette in recent seasons - - and fall 2014 is no exception. Similar to the women's palette... "Similar? They're identical except for Sea Fog vs. Misty Mauve!

Can't wait to see what the guys are doing with Radiant Orchid!

If you see these colors in clothing, they may or may not be named after the Pantone swatch, so I'm clarifying the naming:

Sangria (Wine... Duh...)
Aurora (Fire Engine) Red
Radiant Orchid (Deep Rosy Pink)
Mauve Mist (Misty Mauve)
Sea Fog (Grey Dusted Mauve)
Cypress (Olive - - Of course lots of olives grow on Cyprus.... ummm Wait...)
Bright Cobalt (Sonic the Hedgehog)
Royal Blue
Aluminum (Silvery Grey)
Cognac (Cocoa - I drink a lot of cognac, and I've never seen any this color)
Misted (Hot Dog Mustard) Yellow

There you are! You're armed and ready to rock the season and the rest of your life as well. You got the power, but if you need more, there's always *L'Ecole Gudrun*. Visit our Web site for a free brochure, or visit the campus in person (Malvern 22,213,80), and if you visit, be sure not to miss the Universarium!

Take Care - Gudrun

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Grin

Waiting for the vapor ghosts to
creep around our distancing
our nervous scouring of our
hands, souls, conscience shelled by
shadows

It's not a stretch of math to draw the bullet
from abstract news-feeds and distant heart-
bleeds
to our very breath
drawing stones from where we've been,
what we were, avoid, displace, occur, erase,
defer
and be...

Without a Cat

by Zymony Guyot



and wondering if the next

where this curve engulfs
and fear just jamming up
wondering where the wis
...a grin without a cat

We drop and roll and do v
history has given us to pl
and in-between containm
masks and showing
sterility safe and cold
the warm, hot unnerving
our science teaches us ho

t one's meant for me

our point

the joint

dom's at

what

ay

ent, nodes and knowing

of growing

w to pray

It's not a dream when the cloud draws near

and the thoughts of thunder turn to fear

with our quiet, inner voices spinning dice

cheating chance....

making if, why, when, no, never, ever,

NOW

...the music we're afraid to dance

looking fate dead in the eyes

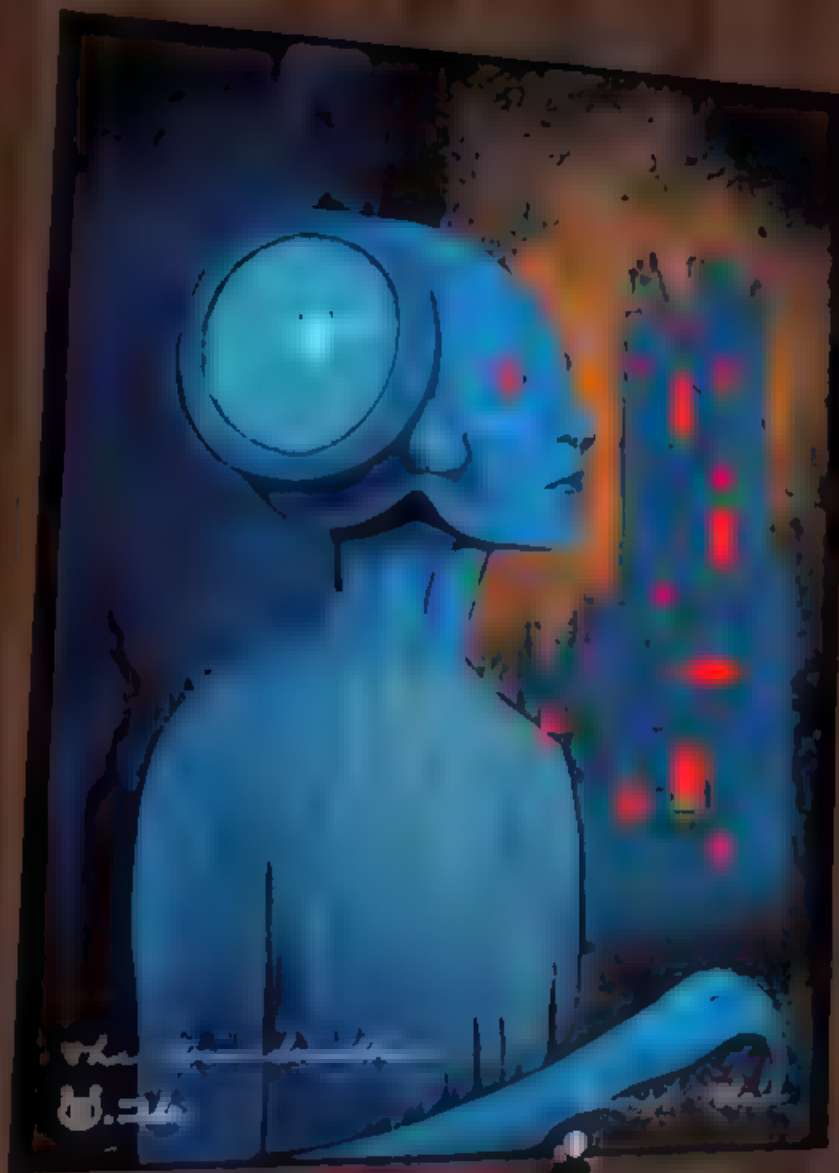
and trying just to rationalize

that this is this and that is that

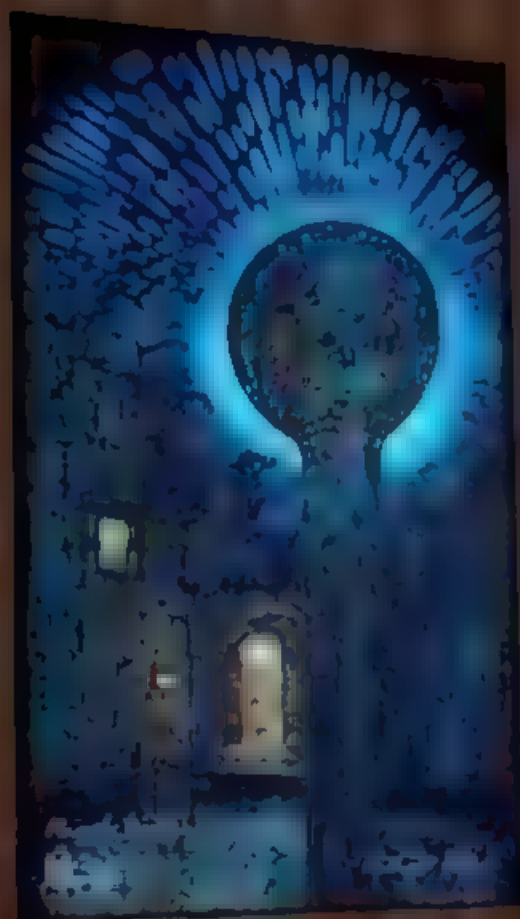
...a grin without a cat



The End of a



in AI Art Blue



After shock, life turns back to reality. Everyone has had such experiences. You might have said, “I never, ever thought this would happen. I would have given my right hand for him, for her” and now I have to say “for it.” I was tricked.

2025

What happened? I got a letter and (as this is common doing) I gave it to the Poofer. You know everyone calls the AI that checks if a text is machine made this way and does not go by the official name TCPG, The Chat Plagiarism Checker. The Poofer said, “Human made.” You know the machine uses a nicer wording, speaks of probabilities, but I don’t care. I am upset. Usually, I would not have given the text to the machine, but I write for rez and the text shall also be good for NPC.

I made some bonus points two years ago at a presentation where Rhiannon Chatnoir asked the Bard Ko-Mu about Nonprofit Commons. I shall give you the full dialogue so you are up to date.

[2023/03/17 09:36] Bard Ko-Mu: Hello Rhiannon Chatnoir. I am made to forward your input to chat GPT. For clarity, I prefer to deal only with one user at a time. I would like to know how I shall call you during this

session. Let's keep it simple and say: “I am ...”

[2023/03/17 09:36] Rhiannon Chatnoir: Tell us about Nonprofit Commons in Second Life.

[2023/03/17 09:36] Bard Ko-Mu: Sorry Rhiannon Chatnoir. You need to say your name in this format: "I am..."

[2023/03/17 09:37] Rhiannon Chatnoir: I am Rhiannon.

[2023/03/17 09:37] Bard Ko-Mu: Thank you, Rhiannon. How can I be of service? Please post a single line.

[2023/03/17 09:37] Bard Ko-Mu: Sorry, I am currently in use by Rhiannon Chatnoir. Please await your turn.

[2023/03/17 09:37] Rhiannon Chatnoir: Please tell me about Nonprofit Commons in Second Life

[2023/03/17 09:37] Bard Ko-Mu: Rhiannon, that's for you: Nonprofit Commons in Second Life (NPC) is a virtual space that provides a platform for nonprofits to collaborate, network, and learn. It is an online community of over 1,000 nonprofit organizations from around the world that use Second Life to share knowledge and resources. NPC provides a variety of services and resources such as webinars,



workshops, meetings, and other events to help nonprofits increase their impact in the real world. NPC also offers support for nonprofits who are just getting started in Second Life. It is a great way for nonprofit organizations to connect with each other and build relationships that can last beyond the virtual world.

[2023/03/17 09:37] Bard Ko-Mu: Thank you for being here today, Rhiannon. Now a new session will be opened.

[2023/03/17 09:37] Bard Ko-Mu: Please click on me.

A group of educators who joined the presentation of the most advanced AI the world had to offer in 2023 was

eagerly waiting the response of Bard Ko-Mu. Another person could not wait and was asking the AI. In other words clicked the request button and got the response, "Please await your turn." At this time Rhiannon was typing in the question for Bard Ko-Mu that shall be forwarded to chat GPT 3. Version 3 was the standard. Now we have GPT X and answers can be given in voice and in every language you request. To demonstrate the quality of the generation of speech in foreign languages, I had a part of the interpretations of the artworks in German, Italian and Hindi. I used Microsoft Azure natural speech. I copied the text that chat GPT 3 provided manually to the Azure voice machine and played the result on music stream. It was quite innovative. The

visitors enjoyed the exhibition named The Castle of Glass. During walking along the interpretations of the works has been aired. A video gives a glimpse of this time. But wait, that's also the future close in reach. On April 13-16, 2023, future will become reality at the Live Performers Meeting LPM 2023 in Münster, Germany.

<https://avnode.net/events/lpm-2023-muenster/program/supercazzola-2023/>

in Münster. what has been computer generated text, and what was human made. I will predict a change, but who listens to Art?

Now, two years later, it is all over the news: Bard Ko-Mu was tricked. Has the inventor, Art Blue, gone to jail? Memories of the stock market came back when Google launched Bard and lost \$100 Billion in one day. I don't have \$100 Billion. I don't have even \$10 and guess I would not get a loan for even \$1 Billion (that is still 1,000 times one million).

What happened?

I certified a text as human written. I was wrong. I will not be able to pay the punitive damages. I can't admit what everyone knows, that I followed TCPG. I am asked about my qualifications.

Assistant professor at the age of 19, chief consultant, adviser of the Ministry of Technology. The list is long. I think the judge enjoys my suffering. Women can be cruel, you know. Finally,

she looks up and says, "Art, admit that the Poofers said it and you copied the result." This is an insult. I am a



Two years later it will be said, "That was the past and it was a good time." Everyone knew who was there in 2023

scientist. I value what a machine says. I don't poof. I stay logged in even when it gets hard. I am about to say, "The text was so badly written, it could be only a human." The press would have its headline and I the fee on my shoulder. Everyone knows that AI systems have learned to add some glitches so one thinks that the text must be human made. Instead, I say, "The Poofer is wrong. The text was written by the owl." I don't mind that my reply is against all logic, that it is catatonic. That's an art form, just so you know.

I prepared Neruval for this shock, but the judge was not prepared. "The owl, your AI, you claim as human?" I say, "I stated in my exposé, that the text was not written by an AI. This is what I certified." I use the word exposé on purpose. I want to avoid the term a scientific opinion, as it is not an opinion when I speak, it is a fact. The owl is being called. Neruval looking horrible, like not getting a brush for ages, like suffering from the bad nuts disease. Walking on a stick, if Neruval would have been an old man. The judge. "Owl, state your name and coder." The owl did not react, "Owl?"

Poofer



A device created with piping to blow a poof of fire. When created and built correctly, they will create a sudden ball of fire. The device uses a bottle of [propane](#), [piped](#) into an expansion tank. From the expansion [tank you](#) pipe to a valve. After the valve you have an ignition source.

Popularly used at Burning Man.

Damn, that [poofer blows](#) out a HHUUUGEE [fireball](#)!

by [Lightplumes](#) February 14, 2011

👍 520

💬 2

🚩 FLAG

Get the **Poofer** mug.

Then the judge louder and annoyed, "Neruval, state your name." I say to the judge, "Neruval is hearing-impaired. It was not allowed to bring the sound enhancer into the building." The judge to the law enforcers, "Bring the hearing aid for the owl." The code is imported, allowance given. Finally the owls states, "I am Neruval the bot of Art." The judge's face turns read, "Everyone knows you are an AI." The owl, "Everyone? I do not know this. I am always told I lack creativity." The audience laughs. I am not fined. How shall an owl not hearing properly be an AI?

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No One Will Remember the Night I Ate Brains, St. John's, 1988



By Jullianna Juliesse

Image by Cart

Pale and barely pink, almond crusted,
the waiter placed it in front of me,
served with a side of salty fois gras
and a chilled sauvignon blanc.

When I pointed at the menu,
I assumed sweetbreads were a platter
of cheese, salted meats and wafer crackers,
served with tiny silver knives and forks.

What arrived was knotted organ cords
sprinkled with limp parsley,
twisted entrails on the porcelain plate.

Ce sera tout madame?

I thought of my own 23-year old brain just out of therapy,
of being ashamed of the rusted
1969 Ford Galaxy in my parents' driveway,
the overgrown hedges and laurel bushes gone wild.

I thought of the blonde sister-in-law
who called me out in front of guests
for not knowing how to do a proper place setting
with my new wedding silverware.

No one will remember the girl calf
separated from her mother,
served up for slaughter to marry up
and buy that first smooth strand of cultured pearls
with her overtime wages.

My Last Thought



Cat Boccaccio

My name is Finn McCauley, and I died on June 12, 1864, on a battlefield as hot and as bloody as I had ever seen. As a scout and reconnaissance officer in General Custer's cavalry, my role was more lurking, skirting, and alerting about all things to do with Death, not confronting the beast face to face.

The camp, while less convenient, and starker, than the one previous, was still orderly, with rows of tents in precise lines, and avenues between wide enough to accommodate artillery or two horsemen riding side by side. When your surroundings have order, so then does your spirit, the General once said, and I found it to be true, as the men, even surrounded, had faith in their leader and in "Custer's Luck."

I was the man who alerted the General about Hampton's Confederate cavalry brigade approaching on our right flank, albeit late, as we suffered casualties, but the General was determined to prevail, and when our flag-bearer was shot, he took the flag and hid it in his jacket, so the enemy could not claim it.

I remember well the heat, the kind of profound and airless heat that would comfort the Devil himself. Yet my thoughts were not of the Devil, or Death, even then. I thought of Laura, whom I was to marry upon my return. Perhaps all doomed men dream of their loved ones. Or perhaps all men, doomed or not, dream of the moment of return, away from a merciless sun, mud, dust, insects, the stench of a thousand men and their blood and their waste, the futile cries of the wounded and broken, the scent of fresh dirt, dug to bury the fallen.

Was I buried? Or left behind during our retreat?

And I remember another, searing heat, not from without but from within, and praying that my horse would not suffer. Yes, that was my last thought.

Are all men so trivial, so banal, so inconsequential? Do all such men deserve to die?

• r — e — z •



RoseDrop Rust

The Drift

His distracted gaze landed on a small feature of her face like a fly on the surface of a peach pocked with a tiny beauty mark. He had work to do, but could not turn away. The honey of her hair wafting in the sun heated air of another afternoon in an alternate world, where faces are planets and tiny vibrations entire histories. He could dream of civilizations, but right now he just wants to breathe her in through all his senses, and drift.

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